





To the south, was visible the bay of Donegal, stretching away to the Atlantic, its surface resembling a sheet of flame, borrowed from the flames above; to the north, the grey hills rose up visibly, covered with the people who had been aroused by the conflagration, and every bush and hillock stood out as clearly and well defined as at mid-day.

The smugglers had already departed, and fearful of being unable to justify my presence there, if arrested, I took my way back to Ballinacraw. This act raised such general indignation against the perpetrators, that smuggling never recovered its former flourishing condition in the county, and Ned Hammond was pursued so closely that he had to leave Ireland altogether. The reader will keep him in mind, as he will turn up again in the coming pages. Through his agency, as will appear, I suffered the greatest misfortune of my life.

## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. B.—In case that Heenan was arrested, and did not appear in the ring on the day named for the fight, would he forfeit the stakes, neither party having anything to do in the ring, and was actually prevented from being there by circumstances connected with the arrest, then he would not forfeit. If, however, he took advantage of the arrest as an excuse for not going to the ground, and made no endeavor to be there, our opinion is that his opponent, providing he was in the ring at the time appointed, would be entitled to the prize money. There is no rule governing this particular point, but the referee would have to decide the question according to the evidence submitted for his consideration. Where a man is instrumental in causing his own arrest, he would have to forfeit; in case his arrest was brought about by the opposite party, then he would be entitled to the forfeit.

SUBSCRIBER.—I. In the 23d Sec. of the revised rules of the English Prize Ring, it is stated that should the fight not be decided on the first day named, all bets, instead of being drawn, shall be put together and divided, unless the fight shall be resumed the same week between Sunday and Sunday, in which case the bets shall stand, and be decided by the event. Now, the information I ask is, for instance—A bets \$100 against \$50 with B, on the result of the fight—the fight not being decided within the week, when the bets are put together and divided, how much does each one receive? A bets B that the fight between Heenan and Sayers will last over one hour. Is this bet decided, and how?.....1. Each party should receive \$76. 2. The bet stands good, and A wins.

PETER LUTHER, Schenectady.—1. Uncle Tom's Cabin was dramatized by C. W. Taylor for the National Theatre, and the part of Uncle Tom was played originally by Mr. Taylor; but this drama was not a success. This occurred two years before the present dramatization by G. L. Alkon. The original Uncle Tom in Alkon's version was G. C. Gorman. In the third week of its run, Gorman was taken sick, and Mr. J. W. Lingard performed the part at two hours' notice. Mr. L. continued to play it during its run of 329 representations. Mr. Taylor has since played it. 2. The drama of the "Irish Emigrant" was originally called "Temptation," and was written by and for John Brougham.

JOHN CAMPBELL, New Orleans, and JEREMY, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.—From the former, we have a very sharp letter, condemning Mr. Morrissey and others of New York for the course they pursued in relation to the Boy. From the latter, we have an equally caustic letter in support of Mr. Morrissey. The publication of these letters would only have the effect of rousing about a discussion through our columns, for which we cannot afford the space. We trust our friends will excuse us for omitting their communications.

JOHN CAMPBELL.—Information is wanted of a person of this name by his brother Alexander Campbell. John Campbell left Hamilton, Canada West, in December, 1855, for Chicago, where he remained until about 18 months ago, since when he has not been heard from. His mother is anxious to learn of his whereabouts. He is a book-keeper. Any information concerning him addressed to Alexander Campbell, Box 484 Pawtucket, R. I., will be thankfully received.

S. B. W.—1. B. match my dog Jack, 30 lbs. weight, against \$5 dog Bill, 30 lbs. to the fight on the 20th of April, between 9 and 10 P. M., for \$50 a side, 25 cents forfeit. If my dog dies before the time appointed to fight, does C win the money, the dog dying without the knowledge of the owner, or his implication therein?.....1. B loses the money in the hands of the stakeholder at the time.

SAN JUAN DE RIVERA.—If Heenan should prove the winner, and desires to retain the Championship of England, he must accept all bona fide challenges, according to the usual conditions. He can at once return to this country after the fight, or go where he pleases, and if he wishes to bring the belt along, he must leave its value as security in London.

INQUIRY.—In playing "Lotto" each player has a set of numbered boards placed together before him, neither set having a similar number on them; numbered counters are then drawn from a bag, and placed on the numbered squares to which they correspond. Whoever completes a line of figures across the set, either way, wins the game.

J. K., Pottsville.—1. Should both men be bound over to keep the peace in Great Britain, they could fight in France, or this country, for instance, without forfeiting their bonds. 2. The arrests of parties concerned in the Price and Kelly match, were made by American (Buffalo) authorities.

J. B. GAGE, St. Louis.—1. If the hand was under the ball it was a fair catch, and the striker is out. 2. The bat must not exceed four and one quarter inches in the widest part, and not more than thirty-eight inches in length. Bats made by the regular London makers are generally correct as to size.

J. M., Milwaukee.—1. As champion, Sayers must fight any man in the world who challenges him according to the terms of the office. In the present match, Heenan was the challenger. 2. The fight between Morrissey and Sullivan occupied 55 minutes, in which time 37 rounds were contested.

W. D. J., Newark.—1. Where one partner assists, the other is not compelled to take it up. 2. In races, three sixes is the highest throw. 3. In case the champion of England retains possession of the belt for three years, he is not entitled to a weekly allowance from the Pugilistic Association.

JIN STAY, New Castle, Del.—1. We can send it to you for \$1.00, as soon as an edition reaches here. At present there are none to be had. 2. It altogether depends upon the style and quality. 3. These Nos. we have not completed. 4. They are not accurate.

J. H., Frankford.—Sayers' match with Brettle was not for the championship; consequently, Tom was bound by the conditions upon which he had bet to fight his next challenger within six months from his last fight for the championship.

FRANK H.—The first version of "Uncle Tom" produced in this city, had no "St. Clair" in it. Mr. G. C. Howard was the original St. Clair in Alkon's drama, which was first produced in New York at the National Theatre, in July, 1854.

W. T. K.—Mrs. Williams (who was a Miss Gray) was born in New York, and married Mr. C. M. Sayer. Becoming a widow, she was subsequently married to Barney Williams. Both the lady and gentleman were prominent on the stage before their marriage.

DECEASED, Pittsburgh.—Base ball bats are made usually of ash, hickory or maple, but not of willow. The only way to avoid the loss you speak of, is to be sure they are made of sound and well seasoned timber.

TORONTO.—1. Heenan and Morrissey made a bet of \$200 a side, the latter saying that Heenan would not go to England to (and) fight Sayers. 2. He did not jump across the ropes after his fight with Heenan.

J. H. M., Philadelphia.—A man does not lose by betting on a certainty. Where the opposite party has equal facilities for getting at the facts, and loses, he must pay up. The "betting on a certainty" quibble is played out.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—We do not know who will manage our theatres next season. There may be a few changes, which will be recorded in our theatrical department when made.

T. C., Philadelphia.—We have spoken to several parties here, but they prefer to see a forfeit with the challenge, as an earnest of business.

M. D., Birmingham.—1. Not understanding your constitution, we cannot recommend a remedy. 2. There is no medicine used, for that purpose. See articles on training in our International.

J. C., Waterloo.—After his fight with Heenan, Morrissey's friends presented him with a diamond pin, but no belt. It was in contemplation to give him a belt, but the project was abandoned.

BASE BALL.—A book containing full instructions on the game will be for sale at our office by the second week in May. It would occupy too much space at present to answer your question in full.

M. H. McW., Little Rock.—There is no one here that we can recommend; there are some who would be useful if they could be relied on, but they cannot.

HOMING IRON, Birmingham.—1. The belt is worth \$500. 2. If he should wish to retain the belt and championship, in the event of winning, he will have to accept all challenges for three years.

CHARLESTON SUBSCRIBER.—The first meeting would decide that point, and the party betting that he would win in half an hour, would lose.

MADOFF.—He is considered the strongest man living, but this is going too far; we think his blows would not prove as effective as those of the men you name.

J. McF., Fort Covington.—They had a war of words, near the Park, but nothing more, out of this arose the wager of \$200 that Heenan would not fight Sayers.

TRUSTEES, Boston.—1. There are some printed rules to govern matches, in single letter sheets, but no book. 2. The player holding low goes out first, low scoring being Jack.

THUNDER.—1. Heenan's colors, when he fought Morrissey, were a red, blue, and white stripes. 2. Dan Donnelly defeated Cooper; Dan was never defeated in the Prize Ring.

MEXICO.—In travelling raffia with dice, which is the best throw, two sixes and an ace, or two fives and a six?.....The two fives and six.

N. H., Boston.—The cost of a two oared boat such as you describe would be from \$20 to \$75, and wherry from \$40 to \$60, according to quality and fittings.

CONSTANT READER, Albany.—You can procure the battles of Sayers in detail, for 25 cents, which will give you the desired information. We have no time to read them through at present.

N. F., Lancaster.—The fastest time in trotting a mile, double teams, was made in a dead heat between Ethan Allen and male, and Lantern and mate, in May, 1859.

MILWAUKEE, Cincinnati.—1. Mrs. Conway was a Miss Crocker, and a sister of Mrs. D. P. Bowers. 2. Mr. Jas. Anderson and Miss Agnes Ellsworth are not man and wife.

C. H. S., Madison, Ind.—Your "International Clipper" has been duly forwarded, in which you will find the information asked for.

A. SENSCHER, Danville.—Address Messrs. Healy & Co., Philadelphia, as directed in their advertisement in another column.

GREENWICH.—We have always understood that he was born in this country. He is not so clever now as he once was.

BUSMAN YOUNG.—We know of no remedy. The Post Office Department is not responsible for lost registered letters.

WILKESHAIRE.—Nat Langham was born at Hinchley, Leicestershire, England.

J. B., Rochester.—Your subscription expires with No. 6, present Vol. Book forwarded on the 26th ult.

R. McV., Tigerville.—Both "Yellow boys" were received. Your papers are mailed regularly.

PRIZE FIGHTING.—Prize fighting is contrary to law in England, but the law is very seldom enforced.

W. J. U., Salmon Falls, N. H.—Anything under 40 minutes would win.

ROVER BOY, Milwaukee.—Freeman fought and defeated the Tipton Slaughter. See our "International."

W. G. S., South Danvers.—1. We have no champion belt here. 2. Tom Hyer defeated Sullivan fairly.

T. W. D., St. Louis.—We have published all that we consider necessary, at present, on the Copland and Overall subject.

LITTLE MISSOURI, Saint Louis, Mo.—Heenan is not only champion of America, but of the world.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburgh.—We are not in that line of business, and cannot say what your chances of success might be.

W. F. W., South Acton, Mass.—Morrissey and Heenan never gave a sparring exhibition together in Boston.

G. J., Troy.—Heenan is champion of America. He became so by Morrissey refusing to accept his challenge after their fight.

J. A. A., Toronto.—1. He will be 34 years of age in May. 2. We do not know.

READER, Northampton.—He was not present at the fight between Heenan and Morrissey.

TOM STONE.—The card was not played, as it was still retained in the player's hand.

CLIPPER CHARLIE, Madison, Ind.—The Tipton Slaughter was born in 1819, and Sayers in 1826.

G. W., Philadelphia.—Paper received, for which please accept our thanks.

PHIL.—When Sullivan and Hammer Lane fought, the former was 160 lbs. in weight, and Lane 150 lbs.

L. C., Philadelphia.—He went to California in 1852, and returned in 1857.

USA.—The lady and gentleman are living together on the best of terms.

J. W. S., Philadelphia.—Randall fought 16 battles, and won them all. See our "International Clipper."

YOUNG SPORT.—1. Half a minute is usually allowed between rounds in a prize fight. 2. The weight of their blows we do not know.

F. S. O. W., Greenfield.—At 5 cents per copy—the odd cent to pay postage.

GREEN STREET, Philadelphia.—We have no record of bar-room turn-ups, and cannot say what your chances of success might be.

LOVER OF MANLY SPORTS, New Haven.—This correspondent says that a teacher of boxing might do well there.

NEWS AGENT, Hammetstown.—Six cents for the paper and picture together.

J. H. T., Boston.—We do not think it was ever played at the old Olympic.

G. A. E.—What papers do you refer to? Now vol. commenced April 21.

DOWN EAST.—We really have no space for your communication.

QUAKER CITY.—All in good time—the reaction is coming already.

J. B. D., Chicago.—You can procure it through a book dealer.

ROVER BOY, Troy.—There are different sizes—\$5.00 per set.

DECATUR, Cambridge.—We have not been able to ascertain it.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Derby race takes place on the 23d inst.

T. C., Ashland.—Money received. All right among friends.

G. U. J., Baltimore.—Heenan's parents are of Irish birth.

PRINTER.—You neglected to state where he is performing.

GRINDER.—1. There is no standard. 2. In a draw. 3. No.

ANDY, Newton, N. J.—We do not know of such a company.

J. HOWLETT, Boston.—Heenan is an American by birth.

MOSES and ADAM KEHLER.—See "International Clipper."

J. D., Ithaca.—A small forfeit may secure you a match.

CULLEY, Brooklyn.—Don't know where he is at present.

W. A. H., Watertown.—We can send them to you.

TWO BROTHERLY BOYS.—Never, to our knowledge.

E. F. C.—The Doctor is said to be the strongest.

AN ADMIRER, Paterson.—See our "International."

J. F. McG., Boston.—Will endeavor to serve you.

YOUNG AMERICA.—"Boston, Mass." is sufficient.

L. C., Texas.—Money was received. All right.

PROVIDENCE BOY.—Procure a pattern in Boston.

SMITH.—Sullivan's height was 5 feet 10 inches.

D. H. P.—She was born in London, England.

C. C.—Received—too late for this issue.

JACK BATH.—We have a letter for you.

W. H. S., West Lodi.—Money received.

J. B., Gloucester.—Write to Norfolk.

W. J. M., Utica.—Write to Harry.

OUR JAKKY, Philadelphia.—It is false.

JACONS.—Answered in our last.

F. F.—We don't know.

DATES, Detroit.—Ditto.

\*\*\*, Boston.—Yes.

NAM.—Thank you.

NOTICE.—Owing to the press of business during the past week, we have been compelled to stand over a large number of letters for future perusal. We have been working day and night, but have been unable to keep down our correspondence, so extensive has it been. Now, that the big event is over, we hope soon to get into our regular routine of business again.

INTERNATIONAL MATCHES.—It is well known that efforts have been making of late to bring off a series of "international matches" in this country, and arrangements had progressed so far as to render it more than probable that, in the course of the present year, three events would be decided here—a match at Rackets, another at Billiards, and a Sculling match. The shameful manner in which our representative has been treated in England, in the recent prize fight, renders it unnecessary to say that, unless the Boy has justice done him, these proposed "international matches" will not come off. If they do, the consequences be upon those who risk them. Unless John C. Heenan receives justice in England, we advise our transatlantic friends not to enter into any international matches to take place here, for they will have a prejudice to operate against which cannot but be detrimental to their interests. We say this in all friendliness and sincerity, for we should not like to see good men come here and not have a chance to win. We hope we are sufficiently well understood. Justice to Heenan, or an end to all "International Matches."

THE BIG FIGHT—PUBLIC MEETING.—We learn that it is in contemplation to call a public meeting of the friends of "fair play" to take some action in reference to the recent fight in England, and to express the indignation of the American people at the unfair treatment which the "Boy" has met with throughout the match, but more especially while in the ring, when the battle being in his hand, the mob interfered, and saved the champion from further punishment at the hands of Heenan. A testimonial is also talked of, to be presented to Heenan. Should the proposed meeting be arranged, the public will be informed of the fact through the daily papers. The conduct of the referee, Dowling, will also form a prominent topic for a public expression of disapprobation. There is a general feeling of indignation against this person, and it is urged that he was financially interested in keeping the Boy from winning.

HE MAY WIN, BUT CANNOT LOSE.—In a previous issue of this paper, we expressed our surprise at the freedom with which the friends of Sayers offered to lay odds on their man. A couple of weeks since, he came with a rush in this city, and as high as two to one was offered on him. We now learn that letters were received here, advising the backing of Sayers, on the ground that he might win, but that things had been fixed so that he could not lose! A "fair field," etc.

## THE GREAT FIGHT.

"A Fair Field, no Favor, and May the Best Man Win."—Indeed!

The great battle for the Championship of the world has been fought; and though our chivalrous representative has won the victory and is fairly entitled to reap its full fruits by all the rules of honest dealing, yet we fear that the principal trophy for which the champions fought will be denied the brave American. The more we ponder over the circumstances connected with this great match, from the time it was first broached in this city, until Heenan left the ring at Farnborough, the more thoroughly convinced are we that it was never intended he should have even a chance for victory. Let us examine a little more closely into the facts. What do they develop? A conspiracy concocted in this city to be carried out to the very letter, if practicable, in London and its environs. Before Heenan left New York we had obtained such information as led us to put him on his guard against "professed friends," who at that very time were holding "close communion" in secret and earnest conference with his most bitter and avowed enemies. Through the instrumentality of "particular friends," parties even on the other side of the wide Atlantic were apprised of every movement made by the Boy—even to some confidential conversations held with those whom he at the time looked upon as friends. It is unnecessary to name these parties—they and their traitorous conduct are alike disgracefully notorious.

From the time Heenan first landed in England, he has had spies upon his track, to do the dirty work of these conspirators. He has been hunted from place to place, harassed in body and mind, and every effort made to thwart his preparations for his great task. These persecutions culminated in his arrest, and the contemptible Dowling, in his editorial capacity, attempted to fix the blame upon Heenan himself, McDonald, and Falkland. In this he was aided by a few so-called Americans—but "truth is mighty, and must prevail," and the wretches were compelled to eat their own words. The effect of this arrest and detention was to throw the Boy back in his training, and he began to accumulate flesh rapidly. He asked for a few days to work off this superfluous matter, but even this trifling favor was denied him; but still the Boy determined to fight, come the day sooner or later. The betting during all this time was with the heavy odds on Sayers still increasing in his favor, as well they might be, since he had never once been so much as annoyed at his original training quarters—a sure indication of the comparative result expected at large from the contrast in treatment the two champions met.

Well, the eventful day at last arrived; both men entered the ring—that "fair field" of which we have heard so much British boasting—wherein "no favors" were to be shown, and in which the "best man" was to be decreed the winner; the odds still on Sayers; the small knot of Americans in Heenan's corner hoping for the best but fearing the worst treatment. There they stood—the two champions; one a stranger in the land, the other "to the manor born"; there stood the two seconds of each; and there, upon whose fiat the result was to go forth to the world, stood Dowling, the stakeholder, the manager, and the referee, THREE IN ONE—a man whom Americans had been led to look upon as just and impartial in his decisions.

Thus, then, were the Champions, each for his flag, arrayed for the great contest—a contest which, whether the principals would or not, whether they contemplated or deprecated such proportions, at once assumed the magnitude and awakened all the enthusiasm of a "National" one. And, indeed, it is no uninteresting or unspectacular spectacle to the moralist and philosopher. Such meetings are the escape pipes for a vast deal of bile and combativeness on both sides, which, much as the materialist may affect to despise, let off in this harmless manner, these sentiments and passions which in ruler times of less intimate social relations would every now and then bring on all the real horrors of national enmity and national strife. We look to the very possibility of talking about and coolly laying plans to achieve these friendly international rivalries as a most gratifying proof that these sister nations (mother and daughter—if you will) have reached a point of union and friendship where real strife is almost impossible; a condition of mutual good understanding in which, in turn, each can own beaten by the other, and, glorying in the victor's supremacy, may further buckle on the resolution to "up and at 'em" again, with no further hostility than a genial emulation for excellence engenders. What a gain to humanity, instead of buckling on the sword to avenge! And if this proof comes from the possibility, how much clearer a case do we not make out when emulation after emulation is actually carried to a definitive acquisition of superiority in multitudinous of instances—either contestants achieving some.

We have no space, nor, in this particular connection, inclination to go over the long list of these peaceful encounters; they are scored broad and deep upon—becoming part and parcel of every person's intelligence who reads or thinks, who has eyes, or ears, or any sense not positively tort. But to a few sporting phases of this interesting emulation we may and should allude. The war and the turf, the trigger and the chess board have all glowed with the new and enlivening light of "International" contests. Skill, and energy, and intellect have met, and struggled, and won laurels to either land; and now either, proud of its past achievements, and thirsting for new glories in a new field, sends its chosen champion for a peaceful solution, and the most courageous and generous rivalry, of this our present question—which can produce physically the most perfect man to contest the palm of physical superiority? "Tis as great, and grand a question as any of its predecessors, and evidently commands a more general interest the civilized world over, than most of the others. These efforts and their results are truly looked upon as types of progress and forwarding greater advances in national power and influence. In the *Latin Games* the youth representing the Roman side must always conquer—the Roman, in the arena of the world, remembered the lesson, caught its spirit, felt that he was born to conquer, and laid the world at his feet.

'Tis a sublime moral spectacle, too, the impulse which leads one man, perfect in his might, to arise and challenge the world to produce his fellow—and that, too, when the laws of dissatisfaction crowd so freely about degeneracy. Oh! 'twas an act of greatness of soul as well as of the truest humanity in the possession of perfect bodily endowment; 'twas the honest cumulative spirit of a "young man rejoicing in his strength." 'Twas for fame—for the glorious exhilarating sense of power possessed and put forth in emulation of the emotions and sentiments with which we, the American people, were not for the immensity of the stake—that was fixed at the minimum for which the champion of England came, in delicacy, be challenged. And we would not have it otherwise, for then would the nobler views of the contest be dimmed by the material, albeit golden-hued clouds that would surround it. But we must pause. Our sympathies are rightly and undisputedly with our brave champion; we bade him a good speed in his great and honorable undertaking, and his lofty aspirations. We would that he may return to us with that chaplet on his gallant brow he so deserves—the Championship of the World!

Despite all our former ill usage, much of which we will still charitably try to excuse and forget, such are somewhat some of the emotions and sentiments with which we, the American people, through our lion-hearted and glorious representative, John C. Heenan, step into the arena to bide and deal the buffets of the day.

And the battle commenced, and progressed, and the stalwart form of the American and the tremendous blows he dealt, gradually and surely changed the odds in his favor. Oh, it must have been a no less faithful than ominous sign of the rising tide of destruction fairly gurgling to overwhelm the former odds, with its loss and confusion, and only once stayed a little in its course—point by point it came to events, then with each tremendous Paixhan, each shot bearing remembrance of a friend, 2, 3, 4, and *five* to one on our hero and "no takers." There's a thermometer to gauge a Briton by, despite his vaporing. Now was victory and the belt his own—had he but received in fact, anything like "fair play" he had been so constantly awarded in words.

The officers of the law were around the ring, but as yet they had made no attempt to interfere—their services would not be called into requisition until the pet belt upon which they had so set their hearts was within the grasp of the Boy, and bound on a journey outward, never more to be buckled upon the loins of British knighthood of fives. The referee saw the chances of the English Champion growing less and less as the battle went on—he, in all probability, had his money too on the match, as well as those who held no official connection with it. At last the crisis was reached—the Champion of England was in the powerful grasp of his antagonist, and a few moments more had witnessed his defeat—the cue was given; the conspirators, "Americans" (if you can call them so) and English, went to work to carry out the plot. The ropes were cut, the police and crowd rushed in, and their Champion was released. The referee, who had so often officiated at the ring side, suddenly vacated his post, wilfully and intentionally—whatever he may say to the contrary.

He could see nothing further of the fight, forsooth!—no, we think not; he had already seen a great deal more than enough—a great deal more of American pluck, valor, and power than he bargained for, or perchance, expected to see. No wonder he or his co-plotters didn't want to see more—but it was their business to see to the end—bitter though that end was to be to themselves. This was their plighted faith—how kept? The referee's conduct was cowardly and contemptible, and stamps that official as a purchasable commodity. The breaking into the ring of that mob of ruffians was a part of the plot to rob the American of his rights. It was never intended that Heenan should win—the programme so carefully concocted in New York was carried out to the letter, and Dowling and his confederates saved their money.

We say saved their money, for we can scarcely hope that a decision will be given in Heenan's favor. That he won the fight, who will dispute? If on no other ground, he wins by a part of the voluntarily quitting the ring before the deliberate decision of the referee had been obtained. Let us refresh our recollection with the law itself. Rule 24 is too brief and explicit to admit of even a commentary—let alone a quibble—"Any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained, shall be deemed to have lost the fight." Dowling says the battle ended when he, the referee, quitted his post in such a shameful manner; but the fact that "time" was afterwards called, and that Sayers as well as Heenan responded, proves that he acknowledged the battle to be still progressing; and when at the last round he refused to appear at the scratch, then again did he lose the battle. No wonder Heenan became exasperated at the baseless manner in which he was being robbed! There he stood, defying his antagonist to the contest, and demanding his rights from his adversary's second.

Sayers could not come again—his star had set for that occasion; leaving his backers, his seconds, and his supporters in darkness, but not himself, for the brave little champion Sayers, although defeated, has added lustre to his former greatness by the almost superhuman efforts he put forth to conduct this struggle to a termination favorable to himself. We hold Sir Thomas de Spenser, Kt. Grand Cross of the Order of Fives, in higher estimation than ever before. What a piece of British pluck! a head, and heart, and nerve of oak! Who among all that gathering of physical might, lovers and possessors of muscle, would or could have endured the moiety of the terrible buffets showered so lavishly upon this the bravest, if not the biggest of them? Few—and no other one the full measure of loft, and dourness of brow, and sturdy frame.

We have always accorded Sayers praise for his performance, but in this battle he has eclipsed all his own previous efforts, and proved himself a phenomenon indeed. Look at the power, spirit, judgment, and pertinacity of his attacks and defenses! Ask Heenan if he thinks there is any recognizable proportion between this little hero's heart and his body. And at last, after exhausting our praise and admiration of his valor, we of his own accord, we cannot for a moment believe the gallant Tom guilty of complicity in the disgraceful robbery of his antagonist—great as his own desire to win undoubtedly was.

And what shall we say of the brave and honest Jack McDonald, the trainer of Heenan? Nobly has he stood by his charge, from the time he received him at Liverpool until he landed him virtually the winner of the Championship of England in that ring at Farnborough. Here is a man that could have made a fortune, had he been so disposed; but he, at least, is incorruptible, and the money that could buy so high an official as a referee could not induce the more humble trainer and second, this noble son of Dublin, to swerve from his integrity and his duty. Though a total stranger to Heenan, he could have done no more for him and he been a brother. He bore the taunts of his opponents, and many and bitter they were, with the most stoical fortitude, well foreseeing his brighter triumph when his time of trial should come; when he should prove to them that the Yankee he had brought over "was a good 'un—and no mistake."

Some weeks since we wrote to Heenan advising him to bring McDonald home with him, win or lose. The American, in return, advised. The American, in return, advised to testify to him personally the estimation in which they hold him. We hear that a suitable testimonial is already talked of, to be presented to Mr. McDonald, whether he pays a visit or not. What could the Benicia Boy have done, with all his power, without the aid and advice of this man, as honorable as capable? His shrewdness, his complete knowledge of the ring and its tactics, and his familiarity with the character of the men to whom he had his charge were opposed, all enabled the



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**THE F**

followed him, and to a duck that Tom made, the Boy came out with "Broadway," like a sledge hammer, on the champion's back. More sparring for wind. Sayers got home a little 'un on Heenan's last eye, when the Boy closed with him near the ropes and thumped him heavily [cheers for Heenan.]

which would win, and to prove it, took all the odds offered near the  
would were now 6 to 4, and in some few cases, 2 to 1. After the  
last round McDonald and Cusick both threw off their caps and  
feeling that all assistance was necessary to the Poy. In this round  
McDonald advised the Poy to force the fighting, which he did, and  
followed it throughout the remaining part of the battle. In  
the combatants met at the scratch, Heenan led off his left, g

bitter were the exclamations from the friends of Heenan. Some of them remarked that it was too bad to have come 3,000 miles for a

## CONCLUSIONS

fight in him. One of his eyes was shut, and all Sayers' hope was to shut the other. Everybody saw it was his only chance, and all his fire was directed at Heenan's remaining eye. Heenan being afraid of this game, determined to throw all his force into a few concluding rounds which should finish Sayers. Heenan now went at Sayers









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Doors open at 6½; curtain rises at 7½ o'clock.

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THE GREATEST EXHIBITION EVER ATTAINED BY ANY TROUPE IN THE WORLD.

This STAR TROUPE, led by the Renowned and Versatile

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Possessing in an eminent degree the most exalted talent in the different roles of the profession,

THE BEST QUARTETTE.

THE SWEETEST BALLAD SINGERS,

THE MOST FINISHED DANCERS,

THE FINEST INSTRUMENTALISTS, AND

SCIENTIFIC SOLO PERFORMERS,

MOST ECCEITRIC ACTORS

AND COMEDIANS

INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY EVER BROUGHT

TOGETHER IN THE BUSINESS.

Will hold their rehearsals at the above

EVERY EVENING,

previous to their departure for Europe in the course of the Summer.

The novelty now attracting crowds of the elite of our citizens to the beautiful Hall, is GEO. CHRISTY'S comic piece of

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THE SENSIBLE MONKEY.

WEFFO, the Monkey, by the indomitable GEORGE CHRISTY, with

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Doors open at 7, to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 1-1f

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430 BROADWAY, CHINSEK BUILDINGS.

CHEAPEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.

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MIKE McKENNA, the Champion Jig Dancer.

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Amongst the new features, the Management take pleasure in an-

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whose being has entranced the senses of the Old World, and

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gem such as is rarely seen.

These with others whose varied beauties have constituted the Me-

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## THE PHILADELPHIA MELODEON.

(Late City Museum),  
 Callowhill st., between Fourth and Fifth sts., Philadelphia.

This establishment presents a greater combination and variety of

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The most popular vocalist upon the American Stage. Miss Forrest

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The great favorite of the West, the beautiful

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Late Principal Danseuse of the Chicago Theatre.

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The celebrated Pantomimist and Dancer, late of the Theatre Fran-

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The charming and accomplished American Danseuse,

MILE MARIA.

Who is engaged for a limited number of nights.

The Champion Clog Dancer of America,

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Formerly of Bryant's Minstrels, now from the world-renowned

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Besides Messrs. EWD RILEY, A. J. LEAVITT, D. GALLAGHER,

Ethiopian and Comic Singers of note.

DAN GARDNER,

The only acknowledged original Wench now on the stage.

First week of

MISS SALLIE BISHOP,

The Empress of Motive Poetry.

Fourth week of

the original conglomeration of circum-

stances, received every evening with shouts of applause at the New

York Melodeon, entitled

ROYALTY AT THE MELODEON.

OR, MR. AND MRS. MACRETH INDISPOSED.

Written by Mr. S. BARRY, Stage Manager of the New York Me-

lo-deon.

First week of the New Comic Pantomime and Ballet of the

ECCEITRIC LOVERS.

With the following brilliant cast of characters:-

Manette, (with beautiful dances)..... Sallie Bishop

Gibbott, (the Ecceitric Lover)..... D. Gallagher

Colin, (in love with Manette)..... H. Leslie

Lubin, (a fat boy)..... Dan Gardner

M'me Gibbott, (Manette's mother)..... Dan Gardner

During the piece the following will be the

Characteristic Polka by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the

Corps de Ballet.

Scene Danseur..... Miss Sallie Bishop

Dance (comic)..... The Old Woman

To conclude with

LA POLKA DE BOHEME.

By Sallie Bishop, Mile Marie, Mr. H. Leslie, and the Corps de Ballet.

First week of the Ethiopian Opera.

OH HUSH!

Written for, and put upon the stage originally by T. D. Rice.

Look at the cast of characters:

Rose..... Old Dan Gardner

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Pete Williams..... A. J. Leavitt

Boot Blacks, &c., &c., by the Company.

A HOST OF NEW ACTS.

The entertainment is continually interspersed with choice mor-

ceaux of fun, drollery, odes, burlesques, and comicities, and con-

cludes each evening with a farce of such character as to shake the

wrinkles out of the

BROW OF CARE,

and smooth it over with glances.

This week, the prominent afterpiece will be the side-splitting

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THE ETION BOY.

The principal characters by

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There will be a

GRAND MATINEE

Given at the Melodeon, 421 Callowhill street,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 5th,

For the accommodation of the

FAMILIES AND CHILDREN.

Doors open at 1 o'clock. Performance will commence at 2 precisely.

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city, will be exhibited at the Melodeon every evening this week.

No extra charge.

Admission 15 cents.

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Eleventh street, Philadelphia.

OPEN FOR THE SEASON.

SANFORD'S OPERA TROUPE,

The largest, oldest, and best organization of

MINSTRELS IN THE WORLD.

COMPRISING TWENTY PERFORMERS.

The whole under the direction of..... SAMUEL S. SANFORD.

Cards of admission, 25 cents. 20 3m

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GEO. W. KIRBY & HARRY BALL, PROPRIETORS,

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The company is composed of Eight Talented Performers. The

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MUSIC, MIRTH, WIT, SCIENCE AND NOVELTY.

Having met with unbounded success during the past seven weeks,

it will be the aim of the managers to place before the people an enter-

tainment that will command their hearty support and approbation.

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MELODEON HALL.—This new and beautiful Hall, capable of seat-

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the proprietor for the term of years, and is now ready to rent for

Lectures, Fairs, &c. It is, without doubt, one of the finest Concert

Halls in the country, as regards comfort and elegance.

For terms, address by letter, JOHN P. ORDWAY,

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Or personal application from 10 to 12 A. M., or 2 to 4 P. M., at the

Melodeon Hall, to JAMES MCGEE, Superintendent. 44 3m

THE STAR SISTERS, Messrs LECHE and HELEN WESTERN, having

finished a three weeks engagement in Richmond, will open in Peters-

burgh, Va., on the 23d inst., and Norfolk on the 7th of May. Busi-

ness letters addressed for the next two weeks at Norfolk, Va., will

receive prompt attention.

WILLIAM B. KENNEL 21

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 152 Canal street.

The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire.

Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a

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Stars treated with on liberal terms. W. HENDERSON.

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MONS. DE LAVE, the celebrated Rope Acrobaticist, is prepared to

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any other places requiring extraordinary daring and intrepidity.

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MR. J. F. BIRCH, late Agent of "Billy Birch's Minstrels," is now

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## OUR SECOND PRIZE STORY.

## HARRY BLAKE;

OR, THE  
MAN THAT TRAVELLED ON HIS MUSCLE.A Thrilling and Exciting Story of City Life, Gambling,  
Assignment, the Race Track, Robbers,  
Vice, Crime, Virtue, etc., etc.WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY JOHN MARTIN LANE.

(And which took the Second Prize, of \$150)

## CHAPTER X.—CONCLUDED.

## "GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY."

Their host, a fine-looking white-haired man, received them with kindness, and offering her a seat, conducted her into the drawing-room, at the same time apologizing for the want of female society, by speaking of his lonely life. As they entered the apartment, the first thing that caught her eye was a large portrait of Harry Blake hanging on the wall, and with one scream she fainted. Her father and her host used every exertion to bring her to, and at last succeeded.

"You must excuse my daughter," said Mr. Grey, "but the sight of your portrait was too much for her in her weak state."

"But that portrait is mine, sir," said the old gentleman, "taken long before this young lady was born."

"Indeed it resembles very much a young gentleman who has been of the utmost service to us."

"Harry Blake," replied Mr. Grey.

"Yes, sir, you are right," responded their host sternly. "Harry Blake Manners is my only son, but we have been parted long, and we parted in anger. Since then I have tried to forget him, for I have heard that he kept bad company—that he lived a low, dissolute life, and was the associate, if not the companion, of criminals."

"Whatever may have been his faults," exclaimed Mabel, "he has committed none that a father should not forgive, and I will answer for his innocence of crime as I would for my own."

Mr. Grey and Mabel were the guests of Mr. Manners for some weeks, and were there when Harry's letter was received by his father, and this is the reason why Harry saw Mabel, his father, and Mr. Grey in his cell as soon as it was possible for them to travel from the South. Such a meeting must be left for the imagination of the reader. Whatever were Harry's feelings towards Mabel, they certainly suffered no abatement when she saw her with his father, and so beloved by him. Indeed the young man became rather jealous for fear his sweetheart should be his mother-in-law.

At length the day of the trial came, and the Court House was crowded, when he was called upon to plead to an indictment found against Harry Blake alias Harry Blake Manners, for feloniously breaking into and entering the banking-house belonging to the President, Directors, and Company of the Wall Street Bank, &c.

"Not guilty," replied Harry when the clerk had finished reading, and Mr. Deane, who was associated with the County Attorney, Buster arose and addressed the jury upon what they were requested to prove, both in relation to the manner of the burglary and the character of the burglar, the skill and depravity so intimately blended—the fearlessness and force with which they were sustained—the injury that this robbery had inflicted upon the community, and the necessity of offering Harry up as a victim on the altar of financial expediency. After alluding to the fact that Harry would in a few days be on trial for murder, he submitted the case to an intelligent foreman and a patriotic jury.

The intelligent foreman of this jury was an old friend—Chris Wade.

The government witnesses were also called and sworn. The porter and night watchman swore positively to an individual rushing out, who seized and flung them to the street—that said individual came out of the Bank Vault, &c. Upon being requested to identify Harry as the burglar, they were unable to do so. The burglar who flung them through a window, shutter and all, was a much larger man—a great deal larger than the prisoner at the bar—it was impossible that he was the burglar.

The prosecution was in despair at this unexpected turn in the testimony. They having no doubts at all that Harry Blake was the criminal, never thought of confronting him with the witnesses before the trial, and the witnesses were honest and testified to the best of their belief, but their vanity misled them—they could not imagine that a man smaller than themselves could have done what Harry did, and if they could have imagined it, they never could have acknowledged it.

"Any more witnesses, Mr. Attorney?" asked the Judge.

"Why no, your honor," replied that functionary, "we had supposed that these witnesses would have fixed the guilt of yonder abandoned ruffian in the minds of the jury beyond a doubt, but although their testimony is enough to fix upon him the worst odium of the transaction."

"There, that'll do, Mr. Attorney; you'd better dry up on that. The evidence is as sufficient to fix the moral odium on you as it is upon him. If you have no more witnesses, the jury might as well give in their verdict, for they won't need any deliberation, and there is no need of a defence."

"Gentlemen of the jury, look upon the prisoner—Prisoner look upon the jury! What say you, Mr. Foreman, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Chris, with a sly wink at Harry out of the further corner of his eye—and the result was hailed with a slight applause.

It may be necessary to inform the reader how Chris Wade was on the jury—

After Bright and Harry had their first consultation, the former sought out old Chris in his den, and told him that he must assist in procuring Harry's acquittal, if even it was necessary for him to make a full confession.

"Well, I'll tell you how the thing's to be done. You see, I'm one of the best fellows there is in this Ward, and the Sheriff and Clerk, and all them fellows, are dear old intimate friends of mine, so I'll just tip 'em the wink to put me on the jury, and they'll do it. Lord man, they've done it twenty times before. They always do it when any of my friends are in difficulties."

And that's a pretty fair specimen of criminal juries in large cities.

The prosecuting Attorney, Mr. Buster, was enraged in the highest degree at the way the Burglary Indictment had "spig-tailed out"—to use an expression more forcible than elegant—and it was with feelings of absolute malice that he arraigned Harry on the indictment for Murder. The evidence, he knew, was overwhelming, and there was no chance for an escape in the trial. The indictment was read, and Harry again pleaded not guilty to the charge of feloniously, wrongfully, and with malice aforethought, killing one James Bell, then and there, &c., &c.

During the progress of this trial, the court-room was crowded, for public opinion was intensely excited and divided, and the dropping of a pin could have been heard when Mr. Bloodsucker arose to open the case to the jury.

The County Attorney had several friends that he always afforded a chance for public exhibition whenever he had a man to hunt down. In this case it was Mr. Bloodsucker's turn. Mr. B. commenced by a slight eulogy on society and its requirements, as a prelude to the great depravity evinced by one who should break its ordinances. But not only in this case had the prisoner at the bar struck a blow at the very root of the social system, but he had violated the higher law—that law which was enunciated once in the thunder of Sinai, and now and at all times in the still small voice of conscience. The deceased—a gentleman of great worth—renowned alike for the regularity of his life and the Christianity of his disposition—the man, whom Mr. B. had the slightest hesitation in calling an "Is-elite indeed, in whom there was no guile"—the husband of a dis- tinguished lady—had been brutally murdered—this ornament to society—was basely slaughtered by the prisoner at the bar, butchered with as little compunction as would be used in killing an ox—when the deceased was returning late from some mission of charity and religion. It was not known certainly, for he, Mr. B., would seem to hint to the jury anything, or insinuating the con- siderations of religion into the ear of the dying sinner! And returning home from this admirable duty which he was performing till late in the evening he was waylaid and stricken down by yonder fiend that has the form of man but the feelings and nature of a devil! We shall prove, Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the jury, that the prisoner at the bar was son in an angry altercation with the deceased—that they struggled some- times, and at last the superior strength of the assassin triumphed, and he had just struck the murderous blow when he was arrested in the very manner his hand yet reeking with his victim's blood, and in it the instrument of death!" Mr. Bloodsucker then narrated Harry's escape from the officers, and wound up by requesting the jury not to pity the prisoner—the abandoned wretch—but to think of that weeping widow and those wailing orphans—that church and society to which Mr. Bell was once an ornament, but now a loss!

Then as Mr. Bloodsucker sat down, somewhat overcome with his own emotions at the distressing finale, Mr. Fox arose and asked of his learned friend, if he himself intended to rely upon that "weeping widow" as a part of his case, for if so, he wished to know it in season to bring on his witness to show that the "weeping widow" was a character known more than six months ago!

At this, one of the jurors, a rather weak-minded individual, rather hastily slipped into his pocket a handkerchief with which he had been wiping his eyes.

In the first place, the medical man was called who had examined the body of the deceased. He testified that the deceased had come to his death by means of a wound on the head—a breaking in of the skull—by a single shot—a bullet—a bullet which this slung shot had been in the hands of a pretty strong man to make such a wound—that he had examined the pockets of the deceased, and found that there had been no robbery.

"Because the prisoner was arrested before he could get the money," put in Mr. Buster, by way of information to the Jury.

"Have you been sworn, Mr. Buster?" asked Mr. Fox.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that I don't want you to give evidence till you are sworn!"

"Order, gentlemen!" said the Judge, who just waked up from a slumber.

"Mr. Fox now cross-examined the Doctor. 'Did you see, sir,' asked he, 'upon examining the body of the deceased, the marks of any disease?'"

"Hold on! I object," said Buster. "I don't expect the defense are going to set up the theory that a man with the side of his head stove in, died of some disease."

"What's all this about?" broke out the Judge, a little cross, just waking up from a nap, very short indeed.

"I'm only asking the witness a question," answered Fox.

"Well ask away then—who hinders you?"

"But, your Honor, I object!" put in Buster.

"Mr. Buster," said the Judge, "will you please have done with your senseless interruptions. You disturb the Court!"

The Doctor answered with some hesitation that the deceased was certainly afflicted at the time of his death with a certain loathsome disease, and that then it was in its last stages.

"I don't see what that's got to do with the case," said Blood- sucker.

"It may throw some light upon where he was that night, when he was whispering the consolations of religion into the ear of the dying sinner," replied Fox.

"You don't fool!" exclaimed Buster to his associate in a tone evidently intended to be a whisper, though it was plainly heard through the court room. "You don't fool, but you hold your cursed jaw!"

"It will be seen from this that our friend Buster was not of the m. and n. style, and that he was not particular in reference to the words he used when his 'dander was rized.'"

The policemen were now called, who testified to what they had seen—that they saw Harry and the deceased standing together—they saw one fall—they rushed up and knocked down Harry with prisoner at the bar was the man—had thought at first it must have been a larger man, but had become convinced that Harry was the individual, from the fact that he had thrown the "Chief" up into a second story window. On the cross examination they all testified that they heard the shout for help, and the cry of murder, a minute or two before they came in sight of the spot where the body was found.

"Do you know anything about the house, near which the murder was committed—the house at the corner?" asked Mr. Fox.

They replied that it was a house of very bad reputation—a low place, and the resort of some of the worst villains in New York.

"Did you see the person standing with the deceased strike any blow?"

The witnesses answered that when they first saw them they appeared to be struggling together—that the prisoner at the bar had held the deceased—of this they were sure; that suddenly they saw the deceased fall, although they could see no blow. If a blow had been given they would have been likely to have seen it, for there was a gas light burning near, where the two men were; that the reason why they supposed that the prisoner at the bar struck the deceased, was the fact that he had a slung shot in his hand, and they were alone together.

The man who took the slung shot out of Harry's hand when he was senseless, testified on his cross-examination, that Harry had the lead part in his hand as he lay on the ground, was sure he did not have hold on the slung shot, and that he saw Harry's breast cloth, which seemed to afford the friends of Harry a great deal of relief, the Attorney for the State rested his case.

And now Mr. Fox came, and indignantly asked the Jury if ever in their lives they had seen such a speech as that of the opening counsel, followed by such a lack of testimony; and indeed Mr. Fox could assure them that in all cases they would find a dearth of evidence generally united to an abundance of eloquence; at least such had been his Mr. Fox's experience in the course of his practice.

The evidence introduced by the Government had been the merest apology for a case, and he was surprised, absolutely surprised, although his age was such that he thought that period had long since passed away. Indeed he might say astonished that the Attorney for the State should ever had the courage to take his professional reputation by indicting a man for the crime of murder, on evidence that couldn't convict a dog of having fleas!

Indeed, if he wished merely a verdict of acquittal for his client, he could leave the case here, confident of that verdict from such an intelligent jury as he saw before him. He wished to remove from the reputation of his client every shade of suspicion! and not only that, but in all cases he wished to perform—although a humble citizen in no special capacity—a duty that my learned friend, the Attorney for the State is paid to perform—and very well paid, too, I assure you; and how to the world not only that the prisoner at the bar did not commit the crime, but that some other parties did!

With these few words he would close his remarks, for he was not gifted with a long tongue, and he had heard from a friend at the bar that he was engaged entirely upon legal testimony in the case in which he was engaged.

The first witnesses put upon the stand were Spencer and Dudley, the two seconds who had witnessed the fight between Harry and Spencer and Dudley.

They testified that Harry was with them on the night of the murder—that he left them there about a quarter past two. It certainly could not have been earlier than that, for they had looked at their watches at the time of their departure.

Mr. Jen Battles was now called, who testified as to the time of their leaving the Park, and the direction that Harry took that night. He also mentioned the fact of observing a severe black and blue spot, roundish, shaped somewhat like an egg, on Harry's breast.

He also mentioned, and also the account that Harry gave of his concern in the murder. The evidence of Jen was listened to with breathless attention, and the narrative he gave, had an air of truth. The eyes of Buster flashed with a sort of savage delight as he proceeded to cross-examine him.

"Where's your residence, Battles?" asked he.

"California," replied Jen.

"Have I ever seen you at Sing Sing?" he asked, with a scowl of malignity.

"Shouldn't wonder a bit," said Jen, "I've often been there to visit the prisoners, but I don't recollect you particularly—you were all dressed so much alike, you know."

"Young man!" replied Buster, who perceived the general titter of court and jury, "do you know who you are talking to?"

"Yes, you're the man that the papers say got turned out of church for putting bogus bills into the contribution box."

"I trust, your Honor," said Buster, fairly discomfited, as he turned towards the Judge, "that you will commit the witness for contempt of court."

"But," said the Judge, who hated Buster, and used every opportunity for paying old grudge, "the witness hasn't shown any contempt for the Court—it was only for the prosecuting attorney—a very natural thing. Go on with your questions, Mr. Attorney!"

"I have no more questions to ask the perjured wretch," said Buster, grinning slyly when he thought how he would give it to Jen in his closing speech, and very gladly Jen went down, for he didn't want his former life ventilated in that court room.

A man—of the court constables—was now called, who testified that the distance from the Park to the corner where the murder took place was just one mile and a few rods the nearest way in the direction Harry started. He had been looking on by Buster; but it was admitted on the ground that as Harry left the Park a quarter past two, and the police officers arrested a man for the commission of the murder seven minutes afterwards, it might be read to prove an alibi.

Call Susan Perley," said Fox, as soon as the examination of the last witness was concluded; and a murmur of astonishment passed through the court room, for Susan Perley, a celebrated courtesan, entered the witness box. She was of a dark complexion, with fine eyes and teeth, past the middle age. Formerly, for she was born and brought up in New York, she had been a celebrated belle amongst the first people of the city, but long ago she had sunk from that position to the one she occupied at present; and her shabby raiment showed the night of the murder, she deceased with her husband, by appointment, and was with her till after two o'clock—that he had been there before for the same purpose—(even Buster didn't dare to ask her for what purpose the man went there, for her fine eyes were upon him as he had seen them years ago)—that somewhat more than a year ago, she had formed a connection with a man called Benjamin Parsons, or Ben the Grasher, as he was generally called—that this man had insisted on her getting acquainted with Mr. Bell, the deceased, for the purpose of poisoning him—that through fear of the man with whom she lived, she gave an appointment to Mr. Bell, and her arrangement with Ben was, that she was to keep him till the streets were empty, and then dismiss him—that the night of the murder, Parsons had insisted upon her keeping the man till after two o'clock, in order that he might way- lay him, with his companions, at the corner of the next street—that the only object Parsons had was the money of Bell, and not his life—that a minute or two after Bell left her house, she heard a cry for help, and immediately after a man ran by, towards the sound, very quickly—that at the time when the murder was committed, she was called by Benjamin Parsons and two of his companions were to be stationed at the very spot where the man was found—that Parsons afterwards said he killed Bell to stop his d—n noise—that since that time Parsons had continually abused her until about four months ago, when he left N. York and deserted her.

The excitement of the lawyers did not object to the money, and the judge once woke up and opened his eyes without being addressed.

"Who were with Parsons at this time?" asked Fox.

"William Dawson and Charles Nash," he replied.

Just then one of the spectators, who were crowded in, attempted to leave the Court House, and so thick was the crowd that it was an operation of great difficulty, and great noise, to get out.

With one bound Bright, who was standing close beside the bar where Harry was placed, sprang into the crowd, and catching the individual who was trying to leave, by the collar, exclaimed, "Ah! my young man, you're trapped at last! I've looked everywhere for you except in a Court House! Here's the witness, Mr. Fox," he exclaimed, as he dragged the man, who was trying to leave, while the whole court room broke into a roar of laughter, and by a great success, the man was brought into the Court House, and with this remark he placed him amongst the spectators of Susan Perley.

She gave a start at seeing him, but said firmly, "Yes! this is Charles Nash, and he knows more about it than I do."

"I was Charles Nash once," exclaimed Fox. "Stand back Mr. Bright, and let us hear if the gentleman knows how to speak the truth."

"I declare, your Honor, this is a most unusual mode of proceeding—extremely so!" exclaimed Buster, "Never in the whole range of my experience," said Bloodsucker.

"Swear the witness!" said Fox.

"I call upon the Court to enforce order, and to prevent the judicial crime from being—being—being," in a low voice.

"Torn," suggested Bloodsucker, in a low voice.

"Not by a d—n sight, you infernal fool!" said Buster to him with one of his most venomous scowls.

"Order, gentlemen!" exclaimed the Judge. "If the Court understands the question, it is simply whether or not the defence, having a witness in the court, can have him sworn. An occasion for any argument, Mr. Buster; you will only great mistake, counsel by words without knowledge." Swore the witness, Mr. Clerk.

As the clerk was administering the oath to Nash, Bright, who was standing by, whispered—"Tell the truth, Charlie, and I'll see you clear." The effect of this upon Charlie was electrical, for he knew Bright very well, and didn't believe he would promise more than he was competent to perform. So he recovered his composure, and told his story, narrating the whole, after we'd asked for his wallet, with his slung shot; and just then a fellow came rushing up hallooing 'stop'—

"So we all had to cut our lucky, and we dodged into the corner house—Holmes keeps it—and the boys call it 'Holmes' Hole,' but just before we turned in, the Captain left fly his slung-shot at the fellow coming down the street; and that's all I know about it, and every word's true, and if you don't believe me, just ask Flash Susan."

Charlie ceased, and a hum of applause resounded through the room.

Timidly did Bloodsucker look at Buster, and fiercely did Buster look at Bloodsucker. Brightly did the Judge, who had a contempt for the latter, and a perfect hatred of the former, look at them both.

"It looks to me as though the Government had arranged a great and serious professional mistake—a great mistake—a great and serious professional mistake—it is an error for you to go on with this case, and detain the jury any longer, who have no leisure to listen for no purpose to the twaddle of the bar!"

"I do not say by any means, that you have not honestly attempted to perform your duty. I will give you the credit for good intentions, because you are a sworn officer of the law (and I cannot believe you would perjure yourself with any kind of pecuniary motive), but that you have made a great mistake—a serious mistake—a great and serious professional mistake—a proposition too plain for argument. Do you think it is any use for you to go on with this case, and detain the jury any longer, who have no leisure to listen for no purpose to the twaddle of the bar?"

"D—n the case, and D—n the Court!" exclaimed Buster in a fury.

"What's that, Sir?" exclaimed the Judge.

"I said, please your Honor," said Buster, a little cooler, "that I'd take the case out of court."

"Speak a little more distinctly, so I'll hear you the first time," said the Judge—"then we had better submit it to the jury?"

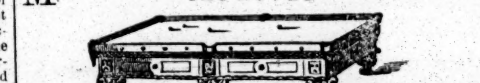
The counsel having given an affirmative answer, the Judge nodded to the foreman, and the foreman looked at the jury. One glance was sufficient, and the verdict of "Not Guilty" was given with all the formalities required by law. A shout of applause, long and loud, went up as Harry left the bar, and rushed into his father's arms.

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